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Congo News Letter

APRIL 1944

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OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A WOMAN

The women so seldom take part in "mixed" meetings that the missionary hardly expected a response from any of the few women attending the morning service at Dinga last month. It was a meeting packed with men who had come for a teachers' institute and the few women in the audience were almost all local village women.

The missionary was talking about Paul and during the course of the talk asked the audience to name over some of the things that had happened to Paul. One by one the men named the various trials that Paul had endured. And then we heard the voice of a woman, saying: "He saw Jesus".

That timid voice brought a message to every one of us that day. Seeing Jesus was indeed one of the things that had "happened" to Paul. It was THE thing that explained why Paul was able to endure all the hardships that came his way. We came away from the meeting with the prayer in our hearts that that would be THE thing that would happen to the men gathered at the institute.

V. L. SMITH.

WOMEN AT WORK

One of the most interesting and yet most depressing studies of African life that one can make is on the place of women in Congolese economy. From childhood they become used to manual labor and heavy loads, in addition to their tasks as mothers and home makers. A very common sight is a woman with a small baby slung on one hip, a hoe in one hand, pipe in mouth, and a heavy load of manioc or other produce securely balanced on her head. Often while itinerating I have passed a small "caravan" of mother and babe with a load of produce, followed by two to four other children of diminishing sizes. Each child would be carrying a load of proportionate size, but the size

and weight of the loads were out of proportion to the strength of the children. The girls in the group would be carrying the heaviest burdens. This little "caravan" would be preceded by that epitome of dignity and wisdom, the husband and father. He would be "burdened" with a machete, a small woven sack or purse hung on one shoulder containing his supply of money and tobacco, and occasionally "overburdened" with his old muzzleloader.

"A woman's work is never done" is an especially apt expression of Congo life. One might add, it *could* never be done by civilized women and even men, and *would* never be done by Congo men.

But many have written of woman's place in Congo society. Another phase of her life in these days is in my thoughts. An indelible picture is fixed on my mind and heart.

On January 6th of this year a group of thirty women came in to Sona Bata as representatives of our Sona Bata field. For three days the women missionaries helped and led in a series of devotional and instructive meetings. Most of the services were actually led by these native women themselves, all of whom could read, with the missionaries only in the background.

The meetings were for women only, but I had one striking contact with the group. It was planned that a team of six would go out to Mbemba, our Leper Camp, to hold the weekly Sunday afternoon service there. I was given the privilege of driving them out in our small and worn-out truck. One of the six was a mother with a very small baby, of whom I was especially solicitous as I helped her into the back of the truck and gave instructions for holding on while going over one of our roads, which though not the worst one is a longer way from being the best one. Dr. Theodora (Teddy) Johnson went with us to represent the lady missionaries.

In the little chapel at the Leper Camp the service proceeded smoothly under the professional-like leadership of the six women. One led the singing, another prayed, and another read the Scripture. When it came time for the message, the mother stood up to take her part. Baby had been deposited in the care of one of the other women, but baby was not satisfied, and in addition was hungry. With hardly a break in

her speaking, mother took baby and held it for its "3:30 feeding". My camera was at home, but I have a beautiful picture of "Madonna and Child" in my heart and mind.

Oh yes, — her message was on the love of Jesus Christ for lost sinners. What a perfect living picture of Jesus' love and mother love!

ROLAND G. METZGER

AN EARLY MORNING MEDITATION

Here at Kikongo the first bell in the morning rings just about 5:45 and all the workmen are supposed to be at roll call at 6:15. It is a good character study to sit in church and watch them come in. Some come walking briskly along with arms swinging, heads up and feet plunking down on the soft sand road with some vigor. One can almost hear them counting to march time, one-two, one-two. Others come shuffling their bare toes though the sand, walking with a hunch of their bodies at each step as though they were carrying a heavy load. Some faces have a light in them which indicates an intention to make good use of the new day that God has given to them, inward peace and a spirit of thankfulness is reflected. Others are sullen, unawake, disgruntled, and showing no sense of appreciation of the light that has just overcome the darkness. They drift in aimlessly, taking the first seat they come to, dropping heavily on to the seat and closing both mind and eyes for the period of roll call and the prayers which follow. The others with some aim and purpose pass up the back seats, come down in front, open their song books, and are ready for what is to follow.

The leader for the day is a rather small and somewhat tattered chap from the Bayaka tribe. He is a village teacher but his wife who is a former school and house girl has been at the maternity ward for a spell, and he has come in to get her. While here, he has worked each day to help out with the family finances.

Kihama arises and announces the song. There is no fumbling through the book and asking if the assembly knows such or such a song to cover up lack of preparation. Kihama leads off with plenty of vim and pep which make up for a rather obvious lack of melodious voice and musical training. The sleepers are roused if not fully awakened. The song ended,

we all unite in the Lord's prayer; and then comes the best or worst part of the service, depending on what the speaker has to give.

This particular day: Kihama has something to give. He reads from Second Corinthians 8:5. "But first they gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." Then he discussed the Bayaka custom of going to the witch doctor for some fetish. If it is an important case, and the fetish must be a powerful one, the witch doctor first asks the suppliant to give the necessary tokens. This means pulling at least one hair from each part of the body and giving them to the witch doctor, thus indicating complete subserviency of head, heart, hands, feet, and power of reproduction to the fetish asked for. These tokens are then wrapped in a piece of grass cloth and hidden away in the center of the fetish. Then, as his very life is pledged to it, the recipient is sure to cherish and reverence his fetish.

Now, says Kihama, in the Corinthian church we find people acting as good Christians should because they had first given themselves to God and were working with the leaders of the church to serve their needy fellow men. He added that if they had not first given themselves to God, neither would they have felt the obligation to help others; but they would have said that their means were insufficient for their own needs, so how could they do anything for others? And he closed with the invitation for all to look upon the Christians around them, both in the Bayaka and the Bambala churches. They would see those who were happily serving God and out of the little they had were giving for others. They would also see the unhappy men and women who where calling themselves Christ's people but whose tokens were not wrapped up and hidden in the heart of Christ. He then read the first three verses from the third chapter of Colossians. Then our agricultural monitor, who had both heard and understood the message, closed with prayer. He prayed that we might be honest with God and have courage to break completely with our old sinful lives and give our whole selves completely to Christ's keeping.

The village where Kihama is teacher is a long week's journey on foot from Kikongo. Last dry season he brought in his wife, Lau, to the hospital; but then he himself return-

ed to the work which he felt he could not leave for too long a period, especially with the annual meeting coming on, then a teachers' institute, etc. During the time that she was waiting for her husband to come back for her, Lau took her old job of chief assistant in the maternity ward, and Miss Anderson, our nurse, says that she has made herself so useful that it would be nice to keep her permanently in that place. Kihama has both zeal and intelligence in his work, so I would be only too happy to keep him on the mission station; but Smiths, as heading up the evangelistic work, want to get him back to his teaching and preaching as soon as possible.

They have been stationed in a strategic village. It is the seat of a group chief, a state dispensary, and some traders' stores. It is also the gateway to what is for us a large group of unoccupied villages. When you read this, they will not be here at Kikongo, with their many friends, but will be back on the job as village teachers. In the eyes of the world, theirs is a very humble, obscure, and poorly paid job. In the development of the Church of Christ in Congo they stand at the gateway of what can be a whole new church field. Pray with us for them and for the yet unsaved people among whom they are working.

B. W. ARMSTRONG

THE CONGO HOME FRONT

Everywhere in the Bayaka villages, one hears the thump-thump-thump of the wooden mallet as it pounds the roots containing the much needed rubber for the war effort. A good night's sleep is a thing of the past, for sometimes the pounding begins at three or four o'clok in the morning before the sun comes out, and the heat of the day sets in. Or perhaps it continues after sundown into the night. Some of the workers chant or shout, oblivious of the goings and comings of those who pass their enclosures. From all reports, the people of Congo are making a real contribution to the march toward victory of the Allied Powers.

Yes, they are making a vital contribution, but as in other lands, the contribution is costly. It is made at the price of sacrificing the ways and progress of peace time. The lazy even tenor of the old village day is broken. No longer is a

man free to take his gun and go off to the woods on a long hunting trip. No longer is he free to sit for days at a time just doing nothing but smoke and gossip with his cronies. Bombers and trucks are needed for the Allied war fronts and rubber must come from the forests and plains of Congo to supply the needed tires. The work of hundreds of men is necessary to supply the rubber for a single bomber.

This is a WORLD war. No little Bayaka hamlet is remote enough to escape feeling the impact of what happens on the Allied war fronts. Is there a let-down in morals in America and England? There is also a let-down in morals in Congo. For years we have spent thousands of francs and given many long hours of work to the training of teacher-evangelists and have met with some degree of success in winning thousands to Christ. Monogamy was on the gain, the obscene dances and objectionable practices of the youth initiation society were being replaced by education in the Christian way of life. But war has brought its break-down in morals here just as definitely as elsewhere. The reaction against the long hours of work is seen in a return to the tom-tom and the release of pent-up emotions in obscene as well as harmless native dances. The secret initiation societies for youth (the only school heretofore known to these people) are reappearing in large numbers in the villages. Polygamy is on the increase. The reason is not hard to find. With increased production of things to sell at markets and very few articles in the shops, some invest their increased capital in goats, others in more wives, and some in both. In fact, it is easier in most cases to buy a wife than it is to buy a goat. I am speaking of the availabilty, not of the price.

The effect of the war is felt in our school rooms too. Our work is still with the first generation and, for the most part, the parents do not appreciate the advantages of education for their children. Many parents insist that their children accompany them in the search for rubber, and even if the parents do not require children to "play hookey", they make little effort to see that they attend school. If the teacher can induce the children to attend school, well and good, it is his "palaver", not theirs!

There are, of course, bright aspects to the situation as well. There will no doubt be an improvement in physique

on the part of the men as a result of regular occupation and the inculcation of the habit of greater industry, which may if we are wise be turned to good account after the war.

As for our educational problem, we MUST have a larger staff after the war to train native leadership if we are going to really make effective the excellent curriculum for rural education that we have worked out on paper.

As for polygamy and immoral dancing, we need of course to continue with unabated fervor to preach the gospel message: for the increase of polygamy among our Christians is an indication that for many of them there was no real conversion.

In Africa, as in America, we need to "be sober, be vigilant, because our adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

C. E. SMITH

REPORT ON THE WORK OF TONDO HOSPITAL FOR 1943

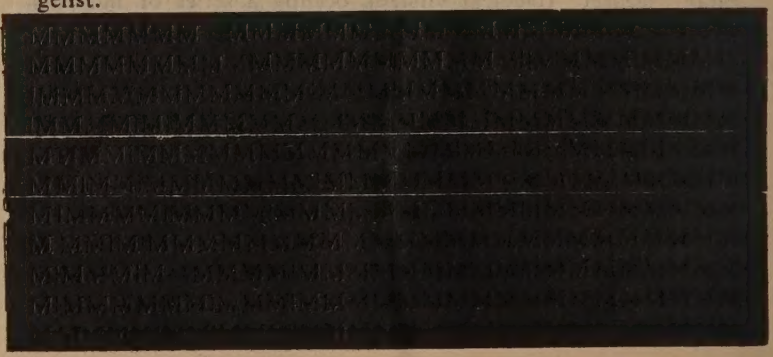
The following remarks on the work of Tondo hospital during 1943 are written by a locum tenens, who has only been at Tondo since September 22nd. However, a perusal of records and statistics has served to show that a lot of useful work has gone on during the year.

The natives who comprise our clientele at Tondo include a large number of pygmies. It is interesting to note how these primitive folk are regarded by the other natives. The latter tend to look down upon them in more senses than one, and the pygmies who stay in the mud huts of the hospital "lazaret" (medical village), occupy a series of huts, distinct from the other patients. They dread being put into a hospital ward. One man who had a badly ulcerated mouth, was put into the ward for treatment. But being a pygmy, he slipped back to his quarters in the "lazaret" repeatedly, and never spent a night in the ward. Another pygmy who was a prisoner at Bikoro, our nearest State Post, was sent to hospital with a strangulated hernia of five days' standing. We operated and, thank God, everything was successful, and he not only seemed to enjoy his stay in the ward but fattened visibly during his time with us. The pygmies attend the hospital services, and there are known to be Christians

among them. But their own language is different from the Lotumba or Lingala languages that are used for worship, and, no doubt, they fail to understand a lot of the gospel message. During tours in the villages for purposes of vaccinating the population, it was my habit to make the villagers queue up and answer to their names, for vaccination. Repeatedly, the other natives would try and push the pygmies to the back of the line, and objected to having to stand or wait their turn behind the pygmies.

The hospital chapel is filled on Sunday afternoons with patients from the "lazaret" huts, and we enjoy happy times of singing, worship and fellowship. We would like to see more keenness on the part of the patients to come promptly to morning prayers each day. Only a very small portion of them come readily, and often we have to scour the "highways and byways" (of the "lazaret"), and compel them to come in. During their stay in the "lazaret", many natives occupy their spare time in making pottery, or mats, or preparing special bundles of a kind of plam frond known as "Ndele" for thatching. We often buy the latter, and use it to roof the mud huts which we have to maintain in repair. The native hospital boys, known as "Infirmiers", occupy a line of brick houses near the hospital, but the patients who come from villages other than Tondo itself, are accomodated in a village of mud huts, roofed with the "Ndele" mentioned above. The chapel is similarly a mud-walled thatch-roofed building.

The native hospital boys ("Infirmiers"), are all Church members, and are encouraged to take part in services and evangelistic work, and in addition, we have a hospital evangelist.



May the change which Jesus makes in their hearts be a progressive and lasting one.

At Christmas time, presents were distributed to patients, infirmiers and their wives and children, and to hospital employees. We have to thank the senders of White Cross boxes for the ability to give any presents at all. We wish the generous donors of the contents of the White Cross boxes could have seen the happiness which their gifts occasioned. The babies who attend the baby clinic also received presents from these same White Cross boxes. These White Cross boxes contain valuable bandages and dressings which we use in our work daily, we wish to thank the friends in America who send them out.

Dr. J. G. JONES

LISBON PASSAGE

Sailing from blank on blank we saw blank of blank at about blank. The passenger list included blank.

If the censor cuts out the above passage this was, however, what I had said, realizing that that overworked one would welcome self-imposed censorship. (Yes, the author is trying to be funny — even that, isn't it an achievement in these serious and trying times?)

As Portugal was neutral and, contrary to our fears. still is, we can probably tell something of our Lisbon experience. We glided up the beautiful estuary and came to "duane" at 9 p.m. Customs at night in a strange land! We were 27 missionaries, all equally ignorant as to what would meet us. We were met by a gentleman who came aboard. He spoke French and we were to leave everything to him—baggage, customs, taxis, hotels, police international and civil, sightseeing, passages. And if we needed a reduction on Swiss watches he was the one to get it for us.

So we did, he did and we "were did", before the seven weeks of enforced sightseeing were up. Happily we got out of his clutches and were the means of organizing a bona fide agency to meet all missionaries and guide them through the formalties and, the important point, aid them to get out of Lisbon on the way to Africa, Arabia, India, China on the first available steamer and not remain at the mercy of scalpers.

We are sorry to need to tell the whole incredible story

so sketchily, but after the war when paper is cheaper I'll probably write a book on the episode.

The next group of missionaries who came piling up in Lisbon were through and off in a week, a fine proof of the efficiency and integrity of the new agency — which had the confidence at one time of but two of 27 missionaries. What a gloomy day for opposition, some left behind and others on the boat counting the "regulars" as they came up the gang plank. The score stood 16 to 29 in favor of the regulars.

Lisbon is a surprisingly clean city with miles of mosaic sidewalks, and very interesting. We were given a pause in the churches, monasteries and museums by what is to us crude externalism in matters spiritual, which is that or nothing at all. We mused: "Grasping at immortality" something you can't seize but which comes as the flower of a seed of faith planted in the heart and watered by a faithful life.

The cosmos is to be found at the "watering places" adjacent to "our" city (we almost settled down there). It gave me a start one day at one of the frequent re-registering with the Portuguese F.B.I. to see on the counter next to mine a Japanese passport. For the rich refugees there is gambling and bathing and 5 o'clock teaing. For the poor there is crowded penitentiaries and children's camps.

Christmas eve in a hotel! But a most soul-satisfying program was arranged with a hundred present and a Christmas tree provided by the management. It was a holy hour and a pensif group departed to their unheated hotel rooms, or to their homes in Lisbon.

The ability of the Portuguese to make one like fish twice a day; their figs, their spicy fruit was a marvel to us. They were ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent kind and gave us fifty-seven kinds of favors.

A surprise was the earnest Christian groups worshipping in the city, the Baptist (Southern U.S.A. planting) being the largest congregation we attended. As the services were in Portuguese we were happy to find a Scotch Presbyterian church with a remarkably good preacher. I must share with you this thought from his sermon on "Ye are the salt of the earth." The only thing to do to be right at all is to hand the salt around the table saying: "Help yourself and pass it on". What a slogan for a church! We must first have faith ourselves,

after which there in nothing else right to do but be missionary.

ELMER HALL

"PASSING IT ON"

Three months lacking one day after leaving Geraldine, Ndala and Robert in the Home in Granville we arrived at Kimpese, to settle in until June when Conference will decide where we are most needed. Our Congo field is so short handed that it will be no easy task to make the too few of us available stretch over our too large a task until the young recruits get out of their war duties.

Kimpese is a training institute for pastors and teachers in which our mission cooperates with the Evangelical Swedish Mission and the English Baptists, so of the ten missionaries here five are from Sweden, two from England and three from America.

There are this year only 70 pastors and teachers in school but 70 wives attend classes suited to meet their needs as Christian helpmeets in villages; also an average of three children per couple and one or two younger relatives, the latter alternating with parents in care of children and gardens so that all attend school.

There are in all about 500 for whom classes of all grades and sorts, equipment, housing, etc. must be provided. Kimpese is almost a self-sufficient community with gardening and industrial work. It is not shut off from contact with village people; a large part of the student body is out weekends on many hours march to surrounding villages. There they preach the Good News of deliverance from sin, fear and superstition.

A few of the students have come 2000 miles to this Protestant school which gives training above the 6th grade level. It is a very serious and difficult matter for such to leave their village, tribe and relatives to spend four years so far away among people who have the same color skin as they, yes, but who eat different food, have different customs and speak a different language, which they must learn in order to pursue their class work.

The first week we were here the lovely, plump six months old baby of one of these couples died. It was the second

child this couple has buried here. One just older died a year ago last fall. A little girl of about five or six is all they have now. Death is terrible, but so far away from all of their people it is something that we white folks can't understand. The composure of the parents at the little funeral service made it even harder for those of us who were thinking, "What if it had been ours?" I was thinking of Robert, from whom we had only so recently been separated, and how dear he was at that age.

Then the men started off to the grave. Women often do not go to the actual burial. But the mother wanted to go and so some of the rest of us went with her. On the way she asked us to tell the white man in charge that she wanted to offer a prayer at the grave. Oh, that you might have heard the words so expressive of the faith of that woman. Perfect commitment to God and a prayer for her husband that he might be faithful in the work that awaits him when he finishes school here. She just talked with God there about her whole sorrow. Then, taking the arm of her husband, they walked away.

The next day she was in her place in class. Peace that passeth understanding seemed to radiate from her whose eyes still glistened with tears.

At the close of school in May she and her husband will go back to their people leaving behind two graves, taking with them only the little girl whom they brought here four years ago. No, not only the little girl, but increased faith and greater love for those who when sorrow comes to them have not the hope that is theirs. Akaki and Kasongo and the other students who will this year go out from Kimpese to the needy work awaiting them in scattered villages of their areas, where paganism strives persistently to stamp out the light already lit there by the Gospel, are worthy of your prayers.

MARGARET HALL

FROM THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES—Continued

My Second visit to the Cannibal Tribe. — May 28 th, 1903, in company of our evangelists and teachers, I left Mrs. Frederickson at Kifwa, to go to our most distant centers to visit and preach.

Kibila, the superstition mountain in Congo. —Kimpudi

village lies eighteen miles beyond Kingombi, the village where we had the great awakening in 1902 and '03. The evangelist: Mfumu Mantima, who started work in Kimpudi in 1902, was a zealous witchdoctor before his conversion. He was an active intelligent man and courageous. As a young man, before the missionaries came to the Sona Bata district, he had a serious infection in one thumb, and when none of his remedies healed the wound, he took a sharp working-knife, put his finger on a log, and cut the thumb off near the first joint, the wound healed. Mfumu Mantima has built a neat house outside the village where he has made beds for the big boys whom he was teaching and winning for Christ. Kimpudi lies a few miles from a great mountain — some four to five thousand feet high, called Kibila and looks like a sugar top. (which was the way sugar was sold in those days). There was some superstition connected with this mountain. The people believed that anyone who goes up will never return. Mfumu Mantima, who now is about forty years old, was anxious to break down this age-long superstition, so he gathered twenty of his young converts and prepared food for a picnic on the mountain. As it is accessible from one side, they planned to go right to the top. His brave followers did well until they came to the last climb, when their courage seemed to fail them, but their teacher's bold persuasion conquered, and they all reached the top. They sat down, opened their bags and had a grand feast. After prayers, they sang several hymns in Kikongo. Those living in small villages lying at the foot of the mountain, heard the singing and came out of their houses to listen. When the hikers came down from the mountain, many of the people came to meet them, saying that their songs sounded very nice, and asked them to sing them again. The more superstitious ones said that these Christian men would soon die, but as they did not die, their superstition was broken. Years later our good friend, Mfumu Mantima, while digging out clay for building a house, was accidentally killed when the clay loosened and buried him. It was just like Mantima to die on his post. We treasure the memory of his active life in soul-winning.

Among those baptized in Kimpudi was an elderly man, the chief of the village. He burned all his idols and fetishes, gave up two of his wives—after our Christian custom,

and took the name of Paul, "because", he said: "I have been a great opposer to the truth, like Paul was, and now I want to become a true follower of Christ as the Apostle was". Chief Paul went publishing everywhere that he had become a Christian.

We went sixty miles south to plant a new outpost. From there, we went sixty miles East to Kikosi on the border of the Bayaka to see our work there. Then going North, thirty miles brought us among the Diki-Diki, where we have a good hold, we entered this tribe, eighty miles East of Kifwa. Then we went forty-five miles to the Northwest and visited the Bamfunuka tribe, — the Cannibals. It was a great joy to visit new outposts and find disciples who have heard the gospel from the teachers who were left there to win souls and to preach, lead in prayers and teach school, far away from their family and home church.

This year we began to form churches, as the people could not walk the long distances to attend communion at our station. At Kimpudi, we formed a church with forty-seven members. At Minsaku we baptized thirty-nine and formed a church with sixty-four members from many villages. At Ngungu we baptized twenty-nine and formed a church with forty members from a large number of villages. At Kinsau, Steven Kiyidi was holding the fort with his wife, Rachel Miese, one of our boarding-school girls, we were glad to see her teaching school here. People around Kinzau are not friendly. We slept here four nights. At evening worship, many came from villages nearby. After crossing the great plain, we came to the tribe called the Diki-Diki. There are not very many of them and they have many enemies. We have three preaching places here. One of their number has been converted, has learned to read and is now preaching to his own people.

From here we went Northwest to the Bamfunuka tribe, a very interesting people. The work was begun among them by our Christians. The young men show interest in the Gospel and will soon be able to read, the evangelist can now preach some in their language. The work here looks hopeful, with a good many outposts. There are several conversions and three of their own men have begun to teach. The Bamfunuka are more shy and not so hopeful, yet we have learned to know that no obstacle is too great

for the Gospel. We sow in hope, and the day of reaping will surely come. Among the Bamfunukas we have been driven out of several villages. We saw a chief who wore a hat of the claws and feathers of an eagle. He carried a huge cutlass on his shoulder, and had his face painted red, blue and white. Our men were much afraid of him, but God had preceded us here, too. This is Lula village. The chief showed us a house and later, sent a goat, five chickens and some eggs. He asked us why we had come and I told him that we had come to tell them the story of Jesus, the Son of God. Then he asked: "Where is he?" I said "He is in heaven." "Alright", the chief said, "I will hear about it." He came to the evening service and was pleased to hear the word of God and the singing of songs. He asked for a teacher to be given, and was promised one, probably Lulendo.

At Mfuta Ngulu, they refused us a guide in the morning, and it was only when they found that we decided to stay another night that they gave us a guide to get rid of the strange white man and his singing men. We reached Banza Beki at five o'clock P.M. This village was built on the side of a hill, so I had to put my tent with the door right up against a cemetery where there was an idol on each side. The people brought me two pounds of bread and a small chicken. They refused to sell food, so it was fortunate that we had a sack of rice with us. They showed themselves unfriendly.

The next morning we had the same difficulty in getting a guide. After an hour of waiting, a man offered to come with us provided I would give him the jacket I had on, and when I showed unwillingness to part with it, he withdrew at once, so I had no choice but to take off my jacket and give it to the guide. The man then called one of his comrades to come with him. They led us through a wood two kilometers long, which grew in a swamp, the worst two kilometers I have walked in the twenty-two years I have been in Congo, when we came through the swamp, I shouted hallelujah, altough none of those close to me knew what I said. Our guides were good, and we reached Yamba, a village of three hundred people. We wished to sleep here after a hard march, it was three P.M., but the people would not permit us to. They gave me one loaf, a pullet and al-

so a man to show me the way to the next village, which, they said, was not far away. I told them about our Saviour and then left.

In vain did we seek a village until after sunset, and we had walked at least nine miles. Several people were friendly here a drunken man brought us pots and jars of water and showed us from where they took their drinking water. After a while, the chief returned but did not come to greet me, so I went to greet him and asked him why he had not come to call on me. "We do not want the white people to come here", he said, " We are happy as we are, and the best you can do is to return the way you came."

The next village was Kikosi, where we were to sleep. Here we have a teacher, and the people were glad to see us. The chief was a very old man, well known on account of his great age. He said that he believed that there is a God who wants us to be friendly to strangers, therefore he always tells his people to be kind to them. He had never killed a person with poison-cup or done any great wrong. It was very interesting to talk with the chief. He was weak now and could hardly live much longer, so I was glad to put in a few words about Jesus Christ, "Which", he said "Were very good." He has died. Our mission work here is new, so there was not yet anything especially noticeable. I have not mentioned all the villages we are passing through.

We now took a more Northerly direction to enter again among the Bamfunuka people, another tribe with another language. They are tall, slender, lively and bad at stealing. Kikutu was the first village we entered. It has probably four hundred people. Here we have had a man to teach them, but the difficulties are great on account of language, so it is not easy to find anyone who is willing to work here. We have now a young man from this village who wants to become a Christian, he is learning to read so we have hope.

Kikimi lies on the west side of the big plateau. The people are friendly and we hope that our teacher will soon learn their language so that we can teach them about God and Christ. We stayed two days here. I tried to study some of their language, and found that in construction it is very close to the Kikongo which is spoken in the Sona Bata

District where we live, although the language of the Bamfunuka has quite another vocabulary.

Timotheo Mfiengi describes this day, "In the morning when the first cock crowed, we heard voices in the village shouting in their language: "Bring your sticks and knives and in whatever path these men go, chase this Frederickson and his boys away". I was Tata Fe's personal helper, so I cooked breakfast for him. While he was eating, we saw a crowd coming with sticks and garden knives. Tata Fe had packed up all his things and sent the two carriers on ahead. Then he called Steven Bangu, Kindudi, Mark Tumba and me and two hammock carriers to stay with him. Just us were left to know the truth of this event. We learned that the Bamfunuka were very angry because we had sung and worshipped. Tata Fe said to the men: "When you have been converted you will believe in Jesus Christ." When we stood up to go, they said: "We shall eat you and your boys!" When we had prayed. they followed us but did not strike a single one. Then they shouted in derision as we walked on."

From here we had to return to Kifwa. The food box was nearly empty and we had still seventy miles to walk, step by step, so there was no time to lose. At Kitempa, the evangelist was Moses Kikwakwa. My men were quite happy to see, outside his door, a large bunch of ripe bananas which they grabbed and divided. Then we went on to Madimba where I changed my travelling clothes for clean ones to greet my wife. After twenty-four days of absence we returned home and found all well. We had visited and preached in about one hundred villages. Since this mission was founded in February 1890 in the Stanley Pool District, 1,094 have been baptized, 265 of these have died, 145 have either moved away or have had their names dropped from church-membership. The present number is 684. 199 have been baptized in 1902, mostly young men and women, and a few elderly people. It is slow, but it is forward. Many can read the New Testament and there are several conversions in the Sunday School; the gospel has been preached among a population of not less then 50,000. We have entered two new tribes, the Bamfunuka and the Diki-Diki. We are at the border of the Bayaka. This last tribe is hostile because of the

bad treatment from the soldiers, but they know our name and many of them have, no doubt, heard the gospel. We have one convert among the Diki-Diki who has learned to read ten months ago, he is now preaching to his own people, they live eighty-five miles from Kifwa. He can also speak the Bayaka language.

M.M. FREDERICKSON

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TREKKING

A co-worker had planned a week's itineration into the district, and as I had not been before she offered to introduce me to life on trek. So, after making the necessary arrangements on the station I entered into the preparations. Route planned, carriers were called, pots, pans, food and bedding packed in fair-sized loads, bread was made and several other necessary jobs were accomplished. The carriers soon arrived on the scene, loads were divided, weighed and the men given their lot which was tied on to a large pole one man carrying each end, i.e. two men to a load.

Tuesday morning 6 a.m. all was set, carriers up to time, loads were hoisted to their shoulders and off they went a line of them singing heartily. 8 a.m. Miss Eldredge and I were all set, house locked, pussy cared for, so off we went on our bicycles through the forest past one, two, three villages with a stretch of swampy forest between each one. Sometimes the road had disappeared in the swamp which meant paddling shoes and all through the water. At about 11 a.m. we arrived at the state-house in the fourth village which was to be our parking place for the night. The name state-house gives one an impression of luxury but this proved to be my first night living in a mud house.

After dinner and rest we went to school and to visit the village people in their homes. During this time I was given a lesson on the making of rouge, camwood paint, to "dress" the women's bodies. If the women at home had to work so hard to make their paint, I am sure very few would have any as it is quite a hard job. In the evening we had a church service where I had the privilege of giving my first itineration address.

Going to bed at night we screened the verandah entrances to prevent an invasion of goats during the night hours

as these houses invariably are inhabited by goats when not by white people. We had just put out our lantern, said good-night and settled down, or thought we had, when an old man's hacking cough started, followed at intervals by a scraping and pushing of our entrance barricade. We decided that some old man must be in great need for a dose of cough mixture, so arose to see who was impatient to enter. We soon found that "Grandpa Goat" wished to lodge with us for the night.

5.30 a.m. we tumbled out of our campbeds, breakfasted, packed and were then off to church to have morning prayers. 7.30. a.m. we were on our way again, the road growing steadily worse the further out we went. We stopped at each village along the way to have a service and to see the school children. At mid-day we were still quite a distance from our sleeping place so after the service in one village we dismissed the people and had a picnic lunch in the church. The people here told us that it was impossible to go any farther as the road was completely under water. But by hook or by crook we were going on, thus I was introduced to first-class Congo travel in the form of a native kipoy — this in case you do not know is a deck-chair also native-made tied on to two long poles and carried on the shoulders of four men. I had to hold on tight lest I should be spilled out into the swamp, however, after a precarious, bumpity but enjoyable ride I arrived at the next village.

Our destination was reached at 2 p.m. in the afternoon, a large scattered village with a pygmy section at each end of it; you will never find pymies living in the centre of a village unless the village is inhabited wholly by them because they are the despised ones. It causes quite a bit of amazement among the people in hospital to see us treat the pygmies just like any other natives.

We carried out the same program in this village as before, next morning setting off on our journey through the forest. The people here were mostly untouched by the modern Congo metropolitan area, they were well painted with red camwood and white clay, native woven grass-cloth skirts complete with their string of charms bound their loins, these latter invariably included large animal teeth.

Our house proved to have a very leaky roof just when we

were expecting the first rain since our journey started. One man stood in the centre of the village and called loudly to the sky to keep their rain as we on earth did not want it. Before retiring to bed we covered most of our belongings but could not cover our beds so retired there with our raincoats. Just as I was about to step into bed I discovered that I had two bed companions in the form of large cockroaches. They soon discovered that that was not the place for them. We had been in bed for a little while when the rain came pouring down as it only can in Congo, coming through our leaky roof nearly everywhere but our beds remained dry.

Our weekend was spent in a large straggling village which is divided into three sections with a teacher-evangelist in each one which meant that we had quite a busy Sunday ahead. It began with a prayer service at 6.15 a.m. in the farthest out chapel, service 10.30 a.m. in the second one, and an afternoon service at 4.30 in the third one. We finished the day with a song and prayer service in the moonlight with our carriers.

We were now on the homeward way hoping to reach Tondo sometime Tuesday morning. On Monday at one of the villages I was called in to give medical help to a man who was dying. His grave clothes were laid out on the bed beside him and his friends outside were making boards for his coffin. While Miss Eldredge was attending to the school I gave what help I could bringing some relief to the pain-racked body. How glad I was that I was able to give some help when called.

Our last night was spent in a village where the chief has nine wives, it was indeed steeped in heathenism. A heathen dance together with tax-collecting was in progress so we had to wait with patience until all was over before we could start any work.

I dispensed medicines at each of our stopping places and gave what medical help I could to those who came around. It also gave me great joy to be able to share in the evangelistic work, thus giving me an idea of the people I treat in the hospital in their own villages.

We visited twenty-three villages, 1089 people attended our services not counting those who came in late. What a lesson those teacher-evangelists could give our people at home. They

have for school equipment their New Testament Gospels (not even the complete New Testament yet in their own language) their hymnbook and two very elementary lesson books, a hand-made blackboard some chalk and a few broken slates which cannot be replaced during the war. Although scantily equipped they do a splendid work teaching the little ones the elementary A B C, reading, writing and arithmetic.

Please pray for these teachers who too have left their native village and gone to other places to do the Master's will also for those sick and dying people who have no medical help near, that some day more workers may come into the harvest fields.

MAISIE CHAPLIN

STATION NEWS

TONDO NEWS NOTES

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Jones have rendered a most helpful and effective service at Tondo during recent months. With their two children. Kathryn and John Howard, they are looking forward to furlough in Wales. A.B.F.M.S. friends wish them Godspeed and will remember them in prayer during the coming days of preparation and travel, and rest with friends in the homeland.

M. ELDREDGE

BANZA MANTEKE NOTES

Banza Manteke is still here even though it has not been heard from for some time. There have been three of us on the staff these last six months. Miss Youngsman after a three months holiday in the Kwango came back in time to get in on all the statistics and annual reports. Since then she has been busy with the general hospital work and the dispensaries. We are thankful for the visits of Drs. Tuttle and Osterholm to help in the medical work:

Mr. Engwall had a preparatory school for quite a number of village teachers during three months. The teachers were

very happy to be here and we hope we shall see a difference in their teaching. He then went on a long itinerary visiting all the villages in the Mukimbungu field. He came back very happy reporting awakened interest in the villages an quite a number of conversions and restorations to the church. He will now be out for three weeks in another section of the field.

The Regional Schools report good work and we have been able to add some new material to their program. Examinations during the dry season will tell what they have been doing. The station school has grown on the girls' side and we are very happy for the work they are doing. The older girls are doing a pretty good job of taking care of the younger school of some sixty girls. Heretofore we have had a man in charge. The presence of the girls in the choir has added to the singing and to their happiness? One of the older ones said yesterday: "That new song is so nice that tears of joy come to my eyes when we sing it." The general spirit of the school has been good. There has been splendid cooperation on the part of the teachers and bambuta (elders) who have taken a large share of the direction and responsibility of the school.

Our staff being quite reduced we have been glad to have visitors once in a while to cheer us on our way. Among those who have visited us are Mrs. Coxill and the girls, four missionaries from the Southern Baptist field in Nigeria, the Watkins family, Mr. Salmon, Mr. Poskin and some of our nearer neighbors. The latest and best is not a visitor but a member of the staff, Esther Ehnbom arrived on about an hour's notice. We did not even know that she had left the States. She comes to replace Miss Youngsman whose furlough is long overdue.

M. BONAR

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Esther Ehnbom payed us a surprise visit the other day. We are happy to welcome you back amongst us Esther and pray that you may have a happy term of service.

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. We are happy to welcome Dana Albaugh, our home secretary, back to Congo and hope that his visit here will be an inspiration to him and of great benefit to the work here.- Ed.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. M.S.Engwall
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A.Brown
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Miss Eva Shepard

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D.Brown
Dr. and Mrs. R.Jones (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E.Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F.Robbins
Miss Ruth Dickey
Dr. and Mrs. H.M.Freas

KIMPESE

Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. E.G.Hall

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W.Tuttle
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger
Dr. A.C.Osterholm
Miss Muriel Jennings (B.M.S.)

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Mrs. M.S.Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mildred Tice
Mrs. A.C.Osterholm
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B.Russell (B.M.S.)